DULL CARE 8 6 5 4 6 8 6.

"And when the people complained, it displeased the Lord." Num. 11:1

Key of Bb Major

E. J. King, 1844

1. Why should we at our lot complain, Or grieve at our distress?
2. Why should the rich despise the poor? Why should the poor repine?
3. The only circumstance of life That ever I could find
4. When age, old creeping age comes on, And we are young no more, Some think if they could riches gain, They'd gain true happiness.

A little time will make us all In equal friendship join.

To soften cares and temper strife Was a contented mind;
Let's all repent the sins we've done, Nor grieve that youth is o'er,
Ah! we're much to blame, We're all the same— A-like we're made of clay;
Ah! we're much to blame, We're all the same— A-like we're made of clay;

When we've this in store, We have much more Than wealth could e'er convey; We'll more faithful be Than formerly, And constantly to pray;

Then, since we have a Savior dear, Let's drive all care away. Then, since we have a Savior dear, Let's drive all care away.

FA-SO-LA